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A ROMAN BOURBON OF THE FIFTH CENTURY

It is a constant complaint of scholars in modern times that the ancients in their writings so often neglect to tell us just the things we are most eager to know. Modern historians very unjustly but naturally find fault with Livy for never giving the text of his authorities or the exact wording of the treaties with the Sabines and Samnites, and for neglecting to be careful in sketching the constitutional history of Rome. What would the philologist not give for some accurate notes of the languages of Gaul and Britain, which Cæsar, with his talents and opportunities, could so easily have taken, if bridge building and unnatural zoölogy had not interested him more. Horace treats us better in some of his Satires, but I think every reader of his famous "Journey from Rome to Brundisium" must confess to a great disappointment. We can combine the hints he gives us, it is true, into something of a picture of Italian wayfaring life in the first century B.C., yet it is but a meagre one. We know who his companions were, the towns they passed through, and the number of days consumed, and there are some passages of humorous description. Still, compared with what one might expect, the treatment of the whole journey is dry, hard, and thin. It is at the opposite pole from the journey-diary of another famous humorist, and that, too, written by a dying man—Fielding's rich and delightful *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*.

But to make up for Horace's failure, we have another description of travelling in Italy, this time from a writer of the latest age of Roman literature. His being so very far post-classical

may be an added attraction to those of us who take a special interest in the so-called periods of transition (if all periods are not so)—those centuries when a new religious or political system is growing up amidst the decay of an old one. It is rather seldom that we can find in such times an author who reflects in his work the self-criticism of the period. And in a self-absorbed age like ours the first demand made on a poet is, "Tell us what your generation thinks of itself." In this case we have the good fortune to be told how one member at least of the Roman aristocracy judged the troublous years of the conquest of Rome by the Goths.

It is easy for us to see now that the capture of Rome by Alaric marks a real epoch. For sixty-six years thereafter, a shadowy line of rulers continued to call themselves Augustus, but their names mean nothing. Who remembers that the throne of Octavian, Trajan, and Diocletian was ever held by Anthemius, Olybrius, and Glycerinus? Only little Romulus Augustulus has been saved by his pathetic name from being utterly forgotten. As we see it, the Empire was crumbling, caving in, in every direction. There are the most astonishing evidences of this. The extreme weakness of the once mighty government is shown most clearly by the failure of the public service in all its branches. For generations it had been the function of the imperial officials to feed the population of Rome as well as recruit and supply the legions. The Rome of the later Empire depended for her existence on the command of the sea and regular supplies of grain from Africa. The gathering of supplies (corn, oil, pork, and wine) employed armies of public servants organized in hereditary guilds, the members of which were confined for life to their callings. Born a state baker, a cow-boy, a swineherd, or a deck-hand, only by flight and hiding could a man open a door to another calling. But now endless dishonesty and evasion in the officials and despair on the part of the subordinates kept the government continually anxious, while Gildo ravaged Africa and Alaric blockaded Rome. It was the same with the department of Roads and Posting Service. The roads needed constant attention, and the depredations of the wandering barbarians prevented repairs, even if the poverty of

the Government or the corruption of the officials had not done so. It was these roads that had made the Empire a possibility. Two hundred years before, travelling and communication had been easier between distant parts of Europe than it would ever be again till at least the Napoleonic era. But now the whole service was declining. The muleteers, veterinaries, and wagon-smiths were being withdrawn to become serfs on the landed estates of the rich, and the increasing burden of taxation for the support of the roads was driving the provincials to despair. The breaking down of transportation was only one of the difficulties of the military administration. We see here the combined panic and stolid selfish indifference that comes to light everywhere when a war begins to seem endless.

Landed proprietors had been for a quarter of a century compelled to furnish recruits in proportion to the size of their estates. But at the height of the war against the rebel Gildo in Africa, which was reducing the capital city to starvation, the senators, the capitalist class, resisted in a body the call on them for troops. This was thirteen years before the fall of Rome. Nine years later the Government took again the step which had not been thought necessary before, since the Marcomannic War of Marcus Aurelius — the slaves were called to arms by the offer of a bounty and emancipation. Ever since the third century, when the Emperor Gallienus had from suspicion forbidden the Senators to seek careers in the army, the military profession had been falling in esteem. The ordinary citizen had long since been forbidden to bear arms. It had been the policy of the Government to prevent sedition by dividing absolutely the military from the civil authority, and reducing the general population to helpless dependence on the army, which was now composed of barbarians and officered largely by them. The chief commands were in the hands of Goths, Franks, Vandals, and other Germans, though we find also Persians and Huns. To prevent desertion, common soldiers were branded on entering the service. But branding was of so little avail that in the eighteen years before and after the fall of Rome, Honorius issued nine edicts against desertion. To escape military service men mutilated themselves. Also we must remember that this

time was the period of the wildest passion for the monastic life. Cowardice, despair, and religious zeal drove hundreds to the wilderness and the anchorite's cell. The officers were instructed to drag back to the eagles the soldiers who had deserted in order to become hermits.

Meanwhile, the ruin spread by the barbarians, the still worse oppression of the tax-gatherer, and the opportunity presented by the weakness of the Government, made robbery and brigandage rife. The country swarmed with robbers. Shepherd and robber are used almost as synonyms in the legislation of the time. Finally, the general impotence of the makers and executives of the law is shown by the frequency, nervous irritation, and fearful severity of the edicts which the Emperors launched in almost frantic succession at the abuses of the time. The most striking characteristic of these later Emperors is their equal desire to aid society and impotence to control it. Instead of the conventional, diffuse, impenetrably verbose and repetitious language of the law, the later edicts are often so fiery and passionate that they seem as if written to hand down to posterity the misery of the age. Again and again, desertion, peculation, and oppression are threatened with the severest punishments. Branding, beating with rods, confiscation of property, mutilation by loss of hands or eyes, even the avenging flames of the stake are all invoked — and in vain. The times were hopelessly out of joint.

How far did the intelligent classes see this? St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and the historian Orosius give us the Christian view with some fullness. But what of the heathen? In the almost total silence of the Roman pagan aristocracy, we have one witness of great importance and there are few indications that he considered the evils of the times as anything more than temporary disorders, in a system working, on the whole, as well as ever. In the year 416 Rutilius Claudius Namatianus, a Gaul of noble birth who had filled the offices of *Magister Officiorum* (Steward of the Palace) and *Prefect of the City*, set out on a return journey from Rome to Gaul to look after his estates, which had been devastated by the Goths under Alaric's successor, Ataulf. Either on the way or soon after, Rutilius wrote

in elegiac verse a journal of his voyage home, of which there remain one whole book and the beginning of the second — in all, seven hundred and twelve verses describing the first part of the journey up the coast of Italy from Rome to Pisa. This first stage of the journey consumed only six days of actual travel, but much time was spent in waiting for fair winds and in visiting points of interest *en route*, as well as the villas of aristocratic friends. Rutilius was a man of high education, with interest in history, antiquities, and scenery, so that two months after leaving Rome he had got no further than Luna (the modern Carrara), one day's journey from Pisa.

In the year 416 A.D., the date of the journey, Honorius, the son of Theodosius, was Emperor of the West, with his seat of government at Ravenna. For generations, Milan rather than Rome had been the Italian residence of the Emperors, but now Ravenna was safer on account of its situation among the marshes at the mouth of the Po. Twenty-five years before, Theodosius had forbidden any and all pagan worship. It was just a year since, in the eastern half of the Empire, Hypatia had been torn to pieces by monks in the Serapeum at Alexandria, and eight years since Honorius had excluded all pagans from public office in the Western half. The Church was at last victorious over the World, but not without making a truce with the Flesh and the Devil. Rome had been captured by Alaric six years before Rutilius's journey. These two events, the Fall of Rome and the Fall of Paganism, the whole world agreed must stand in some connection with each other. The old gods were cast out, and the capital of the world, everlasting Rome, after nearly twelve hundred years of dated history, had been taken by the barbarians. St. Augustine was that very year writing his *City of God*, to confute the heathen who asserted that Rome had fallen because of Christianity. And at Bethlehem, already crowded with pilgrims to the holy places of the conquering religion, St. Jerome was translating the Scriptures into Latin. How late in the history of the Empire Rutilius writes can be most easily appreciated by remembering that Marcus Aurelius, the end of whose reign Gibbon chooses as the signal for the decline of Rome, had been dead nearly two centuries and a

half, and that the year 416 is as near to Charlemagne as to Augustus.

It is interesting to find in this last of the Roman poets the finest appreciation of Roman greatness. As Rutilius leaves the city by the Ostian gate, he bids farewell to Rome in the following words — the last noblest cry of Roman Imperialism:—

Hear me, O Queen of the World, most beautiful Roma, who sittest enthroned among the stars. Hear me, Mother of men and Mother of the Gods, whose temples lift us almost into heaven. Thee do I sing, and will sing as long as life endures, for no man can live and yet forget thee. Sooner could I forget the sun, than my heart be guilty of forgetting the glory of Rome. Thy benefits are spread abroad as far as the sun's rays, to the edge of the ocean which girds the earth. Phœbus himself, who spans the world, rises from Roman waves only to set in Roman waves again. The burning sands of Libya have not blocked thy march, nor the North star, armored with ice. As far as the world is habitable, from north to south, so far has Roman valor penetrated. Out of the diverse and lawless races of mankind thou hast made one country, and they have found that it was to their own advantage to be reduced to thy dominion, for when they submit, they are admitted into partnership in Roman law. What was once the world (*Orbem*) thou hast converted into the Eternal City (*Urbem*).

Mars and Venus are the Gods we claim as the parents of our race; Venus the mother of the sons of Æneas, Mars the father of the children of Romulus. Clemency redeems from harshness the mailed strength of thy conquering heroes, and both Mars and Venus have moulded thy character, O Rome. From them hast thou received thy love of combat and of mercy. Whom Rome fears, she conquers; whom she has conquered, she loves.

Minerva we worship for giving men the gift of the olive, Bacchus for the gift of wine; altars are dedicated to Medicine for her healing art, and Hercules, the benefactor of mankind, became a god. So hast thou, too, O Rome, embraced the whole world within the scope of the laws which follow thy triumphant legions, and makest all men to live together under one government.

Thee, Goddess, thee, the uttermost ends of the earth, now Roman territory, join in celebrating, and the necks of the free rejoice to wear the yoke of peace.

Never have the eternal courses of the stars seen a nobler empire. What realm can be compared with thine? The Medes succeeded in subduing their neighbors and including the territory of Assyria in their own. After them the Persians and Macedonians and Parthians erected mighty kingdoms one after the other. But when thy career began, it was not superiority of courage or strength, but rather greater wisdom and justice, that gave thee the victory. Just were the causes of thy wars, and peace brought no haughtiness, and so thy glory mounted ever higher, till at last it reached the pitch and summit of power. That thou art Empress of the world is less than that thou deservest thy Empire. Great as was the sway promised thee by destiny, what thou hast done is greater still.

It were a wearisome task to count the endless trophies, statues, triumphal chariots, and crowned victories that decorate the roofs of thy temples and the arches of thy invincible generals, which as they glitter in the sunlight confound the gaze that lingers upon them. Such, I suppose, must be the homes of the Gods. And then the rivers that flow suspended in air over the arches of the aqueducts, high as the rainbow itself could hardly lift them. Looking at the masses of those aqueducts, one would say they were the mountains piled heaven-high by giant hands, told of in the fables of the Greeks. Entire rivers are thus deflected and brought into the walls of Rome, and the lofty Baths consume the waters of whole lakes. But no less is thy own soil rich in native fountains, and thy walls are musical with the sound of dripping water, whose cool breath tempers the burning heat of summer, and whose clear stream quenches the traveller's thirst. Why, when of old the Sabines had bribed Tarpeia and were just about to overwhelm the city, suddenly a fountain of boiling water gushed from thy soil and blocked the path of the invaders. Had that hot spring continued to flow, I should suppose it a mere accident; surely, it was divinely sent to aid the Romans, for its waters returned beneath the earth.

How can I tell further of thy palaces, with their panelled halls alternating with pillared courts surrounding groves of trees in whose branches the birds build their nests and warble their changing notes. The whole year feels the blandishments of Spring in those palaces, and baffled Winter stands and gazes on thy luxury.

Lift again thy laurel-crowned locks, O Roma, and let thy sacred head put off the hue of old age for the luxuriant

tresses of youth. Again let thy crown of towers flash forth its golden rays, once more the boss of thy golden shield vomit forth its deathless thunderbolt! Erase the memory of thy injuries, and so hide their melancholy depth. Contempt of pain can best heal old wounds. Hath it not ever been thy wont to hope for success even in the midst of calamity? Like the signs of heaven, thou undergoest losses that but enrich thee. The flaming stars renew by their setting the force they have expended since rising, and thou seest how the moon waneth only to wax again. Brennus defeated us on the banks of the Allia, yet his punishment was but postponed; beaten by Pyrrhus in defeat after defeat, still thou sawest him flee at last; Hannibal himself lived to weep his own successes. What can not sink must rise with all the greater energy, and rebound but the higher from the lower depth. Thy torch is but lowered for the moment; when it hath caught all the more vigorous blaze, it will shine the brighter, and thou wilt seek a still higher destiny. Continue, then, to send into the world thy laws, destined to live for a Roman, for an eternal, future, for thou alone hast naught to fear from the distaffs of the Fates. Though a thousand years three score and nine have passed, yet shall thy years succeed each other in an endless race as long as the world standeth, as long as the vault of heaven beareth aloft the stars; for what dissolveth other empires serveth but to renew thy strength, and the order of thy rebirth is thy ability to grow stronger with defeat.

Up, then. Let the nation which has been guilty of sacrilege supply the expiatory sacrifice, let the Goths tremble and bow their traitorous necks, and pay rich tribute as the price of peace, enriching with the barbarians' spoil the treasury of the Augusti. So let thy prosperity return, and to the end of time let men plough on the banks of the Rhine for thee, and the inundations of the Nile serve thy convenience, the fertile fields of the whole world feeding their feeder. Yea, Africa too shall pour her rich harvest into thy bosom,—Africa, whose naturally fertile soil is watered only by the rain borne down on the north wind from the hills of Italy. Meanwhile, let the granaries be rebuilt over the territories of Latium and the wine-presses of Italy flow again with their delicious nectar. Then shall Father Tiber himself, his brows wreathed with his triumphal reeds, bid his subservient waves obey the necessities of the sons of Romulus, and his banks shall behold in peace the passing up and down of the tide of thy commerce,

as the ships bring down the products of Italy and bring up the cargoes of the countries over seas.

It was Alaric's capture of Ostia that had enabled him to starve Rome into submission. This must have been vividly before Rutilius's mind during the fifteen days he waited at Ostia for fair winds to take him up the coast. The havoc of Ataulf's Goths in Etruria had prevented his using the land route. But the capture of Rome had not taken away the love of pleasure any more than similar calamities have done at other times. While waiting at Ostia, the traveller heard, or through loving fancy thought he could hear, the thunders of applause from the Circus Maximus and the crowded theatres, for it was September and the *Ludi Romani* were going on. The passion for the circus was so strong that we are told the Christians of Carthage were cheering the rival charioteers while the Vandals were blockading the city in the final siege.

Thus far Rutilius had been accompanied by his cousin Palladius, a Gallic law-student in Rome. Palladius, however, now returned to his studies, and the next day Rutilius and his train set out in several small boats, for he preferred, since it was autumn, to go in boats that would not be too small for any harbor.

Here the itinerary begins. They pass Alsium, Pyrgi, Caere, and a place called *Castrum Inui*. Rutilius is here interested in a rude little statue standing before the old gate of the half-ruined town. The inscription was obliterated, but it was evident that the figure was one of the pastoral god, *Inuus*, a sort of *Priapus* deity, who, he says, may be either *Pan*, who has left *Mænalus* for Tuscany, or *Faunus*, haunting his own native forest glades.

The next stop is *Civita Vecchia*, called then *Centumcellæ*, the harbor of which he describes as protected by a mole with two towers, and furnished with inner and outer docks. There is a point of interest near *Centumcellæ*, the *Thermæ Taurinæ*, a ring that owed its origin to a bull striking its horns into the soil. He adds that it may of course have been a god-bull, like the one that carried off *Europa* — the Greeks should not be

allowed to monopolize all miracles — Helicon owes its origin to a horse's hoof, etc.

The next day they sail along a lonely coast past the mouth of the Minio, and the cities of Graviscaë and Cosa in the marshy district of the Maremma. Cosa, he says, is but a heap of ruins—the inhabitants were driven out by a plague of rats, so says the tradition. This, however, he is equally skeptical about and declares he could as easily believe the war of the Pygmies and Cranes. The next stop is Herculis Portus, now Porto Ercole. Here Rutilius visits the remains of the camp of Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, where he is led to moralize on the evil fate that clings to the name of Lepidus, as shown by the careers of the first Lepidus; his son, the triumvir, shorn of his power by Octavian; his grandson, executed for conspiracy by Octavian; and the fourth, the brother-in-law of Caligula, executed for adultery with Caligula's sister, Agrippina. This constant succession of disaster and shame, connected with the name Marcus Æmilius Lepidus through more than a century, makes Rutilius inquire: "Am I to suppose that a certain kind of character is developed from the influence of a name (Lepidus means Pretty-man), or rather that certain names follow certain characters? However that be, there is a marvelous sequence in Roman history, disasters perpetually recurring from the name of Lepidus."

From Herculis Portus the travellers sight next the peninsula Argentaria (Monte Argentaro), six miles across the neck, thirty-six miles in circuit, which he compares with the Isthmus of Corinth. Rounding this they come in sight of the wooded height of the island of Igilium (Giglio), where, Rutilius tells us, many took refuge from Rome and successfully repelled the attacks of Alaric's Goths — assisted "*loci ingenio seu domini genio*"—"by the lay of the land and the divine fortune of its lord,"—that is, Honorius, still a god to pious pagans. The first consideration, doubtless, was the more decisive, though, he adds, in the rhetoric of his age, "the Goths, horsemen though they were, inspired fear with their ships contrary to the laws of nature, and had in terrene war laid waste many a sea."

From Giglio they skirt the mouth of the Umbro, no inconsiderable stream, which forms a safe retreat from storms. Here

he wishes to land for the night, but, overborne by the crew, proceeds, only to be overtaken by darkness and forced by a sudden calm to land and spend the night on the beach, where they rig a tent with oars and boat-hook, and build a fire of myrtle.

At dawn they set sail again and sight Ilva (Elba), famed for its iron mines. This opportunity Rutilius improves with a panegyric on iron as compared in the uses of civilization with gold. He may have been aware that his subject was not treated for the first time, for he adds that only the slow progress of the boat, under oars alone, as the rowers timed their strokes to a rude chant, made him while away his time with this economic theme. Their boat, he says, seemed to stand still, though making progress, and only by watching the receding island could he persuade himself they were moving at all.

Landing for the next stop at Faleria, the party amused themselves ashore, where a rustic festival was in progress — a celebration of the resurrection of Osiris and the fructification of the seed through him. The place was adorned with a park and fish ponds, which the ever-interested Rutilius describes as delightful, with various compartments in which the fish darted merrily hither and thither through the shallow water. There was a charm about the retreat that was particularly grateful to them after their confinement in the boat, but it was, we learn, more than overbalanced by the disagreeable landlord — worse, Rutilius calls him, than Antiphates, the ogre king of the Læstrygonians in the *Odyssey*. This lessee and caretaker of the place was a fault-finding Jew, “an animal that refuses to touch the food all men eat. He charged us for the shrubbery we disturbed, the damage to the seaweed we struck with our sticks, and cried out that the water we drank was a huge expense to him. We returned the insults the filthy race deserves — people who haven’t any more decency than to circumcise themselves. Root of folly — they hug their cold Sabbaths to their hearts, and their hearts are colder still than their creed. Every seventh day they damn to disgraceful sloth — degenerate conception of the deity — as if God could ever be weary! As for their other crazy notions, the product of lies and fanaticism, no sensible boy would believe them. Ah, if only Judea had never been

conquered in the wars of Pompey and Titus! Now, since the stamping out of this pestiferous race, their contagion spreads but the wider, and the conquered nation inflicts its yoke on the conquerors."

Rowing from Faleria against a head-wind, the convoy passes the ruined city of Populonia, one of those mentioned by Macaulay in *Horatius*, in the list he draws from Vergil's catalogue of the Trojans and their allies. Rutilius mentions that it had no lighthouse, but merely a castle (*castellum*) built by the men of old on a cliff overhanging the sea — a position well adapted to the double purpose of a defence and a beacon. Otherwise, there were no monuments of a former age to be seen, the mighty walls had been consumed by the tooth of time (*consumpsit tempus edax*), only vestiges of the former battlements remaining, and the houses of the city lay hidden in heaps of rubbish. "Let us not, then," he adds, "be indignant that mortal bodies dissolve away, when we perceive by such examples that even cities are subject to death."

The next land sighted is Corsica, which begins the next morning to show its hazy mountains, whose peaks, visible through the like-colored clouds that cap them, seem to tower higher than they really are. He mentions a tradition that it was discovered by a woman named Corsa, who came seeking her herd of cattle, which had swum over from the mainland.

The course is continued past Corsica, and the "Isle of Goats" (Capraria) now Capraia, rises on the horizon. "It is an ugly island," the sturdy pagan continues, "full of light-shunning men. They call themselves by a Greek name — Solitaries (*Monachi*), because they wish to live alone where no man can see them. They dread the gifts of fortune, for fear of the losses she may bring. Who could believe men would deliberately choose to be miserable in order to escape the possibility of becoming so! What folly of perverse insanity equal to their fear of ill, and inability to enjoy good. Whether it is that they have the consciousness of being jail-birds, and so voluntarily assume the punishment they deserve, or because their gloomy souls are swoln with black bile, I know not. At any rate, Homer attributes to the disease of too much bile Bellerophon's

despair, for that youth, he says, raged at the wounds his bitter grief inflicted till he hated all the race of men."

Volaterræ, the next place mentioned, is of interest for the description of the channel he gives — a channel between shifting sand-banks, marked out by stake-buoys, to which bushes of laurel were tied, "conspicuous with the branching foliage of their boughs." The same extemporized buoys are common on our Southern rivers.

Delayed at Volaterræ by adverse westwinds and torrents of rain, Rutilius was entertained at the villa of his friend Albinus, who had succeeded him in the office of Prefect of the City of Rome. From Rutilius's words in this passage — *Iura meæ continuata togæ* we learn that the toga, from being the daily dress of the citizen of the Republic, and then the formal dress for state occasions, as in the early Empire, had become a robe of office. Near Albinus's villa were salt-pans, where sea-water was evaporated on a large scale. These give an opportunity for description of the crust, and a comparison with the frozen Danube. To natural philosophers is left to explain how it is that the heat of the sun can have such opposite effects upon ice and brine. Another friend also, Victorinus of Toulouse, residing in Tuscany since the capture of Toulouse by Ataulf, King of the Visigoths, delights Rutilius by meeting him here at Albinus's house. This Victorinus had been Vicar of the Pretorian Prefect of Gaul and Illustrious Count of the Sacred Court — titles which like many others in the poem reflect the change from the ancient to the mediæval world.

Halfway between Corsica and Pisa lies the island of Gorgo (Gorgona), a spot Rutilius mentions with horror. It had been the seat of a Gallic anchorite. "I turned with loathing from those cliffs," he writes, "the monument of a recent loss; here a fellow-citizen of mine had died a living death. For only lately a young man of my acquaintance, of good family, wealth, and high connections, driven by the Furies, forsook mankind and the face of the earth, and in his superstition exiled himself to this shameful lair. The poor wretch deemed that the heavenly part of man feeds upon squalor, and treated himself more cruelly than even the insulted gods might have done. Now, I ask you,

does this sect fall any whit short of Circe's poisons? In her day it was men's bodies that were transformed into those of swine, now it is their souls."

It is this personal grudge he feels against monasticism, which at this period (one year after the murder of Hypatia) was reaching the flood-tide of its popularity, that makes Rutilius so bitter against the system. Fierce as his scorn for monks and Jews always is, we feel more and more as we read his repeated praises of his friends, that Rutilius has a heart as warm as his prejudices are deep. Not only are Palladius and his father, Exuperantius, Albinus, and Victorinus and Protadius¹ warmly praised, but at Pisa the sight of a statue to his father, Lachanius, moves him to tears. Lachanius, he says, had been *Consularis Tusciæ* (*consularis* meaning not ex-consul, for the consulship was now a mere title without duties, but provincial governor) and also *Quæstor Principis* (a sort of secretary to the Emperor) Count of the Sacred Largesses and City Prefect. Of all these offices, however, he had been proudest of his Tuscan honors, and Rutilius found testimony to his great popularity not only in the complimentary verses inscribed on his statue in the Forum of Pisa, but also on every hand along the Flaminian Road throughout Tuscany. The whole province, he says, was true to the good old ways, and honored his father and Decius, the son of the talented Satirist, Lucillus. Lucillus's works have not come down to us — a great loss indeed, if Rutilius's judgment is just, which ranks him with Juvenal. "Lucillus's censorious file," he says, "restored the lost sense of honor men possessed of old, and while it attacked the evil-doer, taught men to be good." Then comes a vivid passage about the grafters of the time, which illustrates how consistently and expressively the ancient civilization spoke the language of mythology, where ours talks in terms of natural science. As Frank Norris dubs the Interests

¹ The names of Rutilius's Gallic friends, with their mingling of Greek and Latin, are characteristic of the later Empire. It was a time when a bishop of Milan was called Ambrosius, under an Emperor Theodosius, while a Greek of Antioch called Ammianus Marcellinus served under a Greek-speaking Emperor by the name of Julianus.

or the Trusts the "Octopus," so Rutilius pictures the grafters of Rome as harpies.

"Did not Lucillus," he says, "when he was Count of the Sacred Largesses, drive back with the most scrupulous justice the harpies that surrounded him — harpies whose talons tear the world in shreds, whose glue-smeared feet carry off whatever they once touch. Argus himself they make one-eyed, and Lynceus they blind entirely, flying as they do in an atmosphere of public theft. But though the stealers had as many hands as Briareus, yet his one hand resisted them all combined."

The first book closes with a pretty picture of a boar-hunt near Triturrita, in the vicinity of Pisa, and a description of a storm which he compares to the Atlantic tides.

The second book opens with a rather full introduction and a description of the peninsula of Italy, with especial emphasis laid on its defensible position behind the barriers of the Alps and Apennines. "All the more grievous for this cause," he adds, "was Stilicho's crime, because he was the betrayer of the Empire, by letting in the barbarians upon Italy, burying the armed foe in the defenceless bowels of Rome — a treachery worse than Sinon's. Rome lay exposed to her own skin-clad body-guard, and was a prisoner even before she was taken captive. And not only was it by the arms of the Goths that Stilicho the traitor had marched on — he had first burned the Sibylline Books. For that we hate him as we hate Althæa, the mother of Meleager, who burnt the brand on whose preservation her son's life depended, or Scylla, who stole her father Nisus's hair, and so betrayed Megara to Minos. But Stilicho hurried to ruin the fateful pledges of the eternal Empire. Then let all Nero's torments in Tartarus cease, and let a gloomier shade be consumed by the torches of the Styx. One stabbed to the heart a mortal, the other, an immortal mother; Nero his own mother, Stilicho, the mother of the world!"

With these words we may leave the proud, impetuous, narrow-minded courtier so loyal to all the traditions of his class, so blind to the decay of the world around him. To him Stilicho is a Judas, a Pontius Pilate, a Ganelon, if we may use the language of that Middle Age which was already dawning, and Honorius

was the Pius Princeps who rendered sacred everything he was connected with. At the same time Claudian was writing his poems on the Consulate of Stilicho, in which he lauded the great Vandal as the saviour of Rome. Perhaps Claudian and Rutilius both were right, for the generals of the fifth and sixth centuries seemed to have saved Rome only to betray it again, or be themselves betrayed. At any rate, we can thank Rutilius for letting us see what one Roman of the Decadence thought of the age he lived in.

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